

Biography of J.

THE LIFE
OF THE LATE
EARL OF BARRYMORE.

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The Earl of Barrymore

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THE LIFE
OF THE LATE
EARL OF BARRYMORE.

INCLUDING
A HISTORY OF THE
WARGRAVE THEATRICALS,
AND
Original Anecdotes of Eminent Persons.

BY ANTHONY PASQUIN, ESQ.

K

“ Take him for all in all,
“ We ne’er shall look upon his like again.”

SHAKESPEARE.

L O N D O N :
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M. DCC. XCIII.



Merrick's

THE

LIFE;

OF THE LATE

EARL OF BARRYMORE.

AH, Friend! the passing years, how fast they fly!
Nor can the strictest piety
Defer encroaching age,
Or Death's resistless rage:
The prince and peasant of this world must be
Thus wasted to Eternity.

HOR. ODE XIV.

IN the succeeding detail of disjointed anecdotes and reflections, I must require an indulgence from the peruser which I never claimed before, though it might have been uniformly necessary; that is, as writing now from the *heart* more than the *head*!—the abrupt deprivation of the best friend I ever had (and a better no man ever knew) weighs too heavily upon my understanding to admit of those vigilant and frequent appeals to the judgment, which all should make, who would prefer the credit of writing well, to the indulgence of a wild and abandoned sorrow.

B

RICHARD

RICHARD, late EARL of BARRYMORE, VISCOUNT BUTTEVANT, and BARON BARRY, of the kingdom of Ireland, was born August 14th, 1769; he succeeded to the title and estate August 1st, 1773; was chosen Member for *Heytesbury*, in Wiltshire, at the commencement of the present Parliament; and died on March 6th, 1793. His estate and title descend to the Honourable HENRY BARRY, who is now with his brother, the Honourable AUGUSTUS BARRY, and his sister, LADY MELFORT, at the family seat of Castle Lyons, near Rathcormuck, in the county of Cork, in Ireland. A few months since he went on an excursion to *Gretna Green* with MISS GOULDING, niece to LADY LADE; a young lady of much personal beauty, and adequately accomplished.

HIS CHARACTERISTICS.

His highly polished mind received its first classical embellishments under the successful tuition of the REV. MR. TICKELL, at *Wargrave*; at the age of fourteen he was removed to *Eton*, where his erudition was confirmed; and (had his life not been prematurely abridged) his passport to celebrity indubitably secured. Discretion had planted her choicest seeds in his understanding, which

took

took root, and began to emerge; but he was destroyed ere the fertility and richness of the soil became palpable by a full harvest, acceptable to Wisdom and to Honor.—His acuteness of penetration was indisputable—his equanimity of temper was never ruffled but in cases of meanness or oppression—he was bursting hourly from the *crysalis*, and would have been soon in full beauty, wing and request.

His domestic affairs have been long under the guidance of MRS. DELPINI, and I verily think her conduct has been highly advantageous to her employer. He resided, when in town, at *Wood's Hotel*, in Covent Garden; and generally dined and supped at the *Bow Street Coffee House*, because he had the utmost reliance on the integrity of the landlord.—Notwithstanding the prevalence of an opposite sentiment in the world, he was not indiscriminately prodigal, but morally generous; and had all his beneficence been literally chronicled, it would appear as the effort of perception. He read the characters of men with as much accuracy as *Bruyere*; and scorned those who were uncandid, unfeeling, or unjust. On the day he died he was to have stood sponsor to MR. JOHNSTONE, the Comedian's infant daughter, but his military duty prevented his attendance.

In what was relative to religion in general, or the re-

velations in particular, he was the most guarded man in his sentiments I ever knew. Those sensualities in which he indulged, and which youth and constitution rendered venial, never estranged him from the recollection that every man feast, like *Damocles*, with the sword of ruin suspended over him by the fine-spun thread of Destiny. The pageantries of life and the bubbles of vanity should be held nearly as contemptible by all those who feel properly, that the funeral of the body may be immediate to its agency in error.

His estates, amounting in the aggregate to ten thousand pounds a year, have been the last two years under the guidance of MR. HAMMERSLEY, the Banker, who allowed him annually two thousand five hundred pounds; the remainder were held in sequestration for his creditors. He, peradventure, played about the altar of Licentiousness, but never sacrificed his honor at the fane; his vivacity often forced him beyond the precincts of Moderation, yet he never remained long in the enemy's country, or became a systematic rebel to Propriety, but returned with rapture to the head quarters of Reason:—though the governing compass of his mind was sometimes deranged by the concussions of accident, it was soon becalmed, and pointed to the polar star of Rectitude.

He had the goodness to visit me in trouble, and remove

move my embarrassments; and has repeatedly declared, that while he had a house and a bottle, his roof should protect me from the elements, and his beverage alleviate my thirst. Were my benefactor living, to recite these events would be inappropriate and fulsome; but as he is no more, were I mean enough to flatter (a vice for which I am not very notorious) the flattery must be unproductive.

His powers of elocution were very great, but that modesty, which is ever the attendant of supreme merit, prevented him from the public display of those abilities which his private friends knew to be commendatory and charming; he was mellowing rapidly from eccentricity and whim into meritoriousness and caution; every hour his judgment forged an additional link of that chain which Time would have used to coerce his passions; his ample mind would not, for a moment, receive a guest so repulsive, so abhorred, as Moroseness—I believe, that at his luminous birth

“The Sun drew all such humours from him.”

The gentleness of his nature impelled him to be most civil where incivility might have proved afflictive; his distinctions on the points of administrative delicacy to the sons and daughters of Distress were admirable and exemplary;

plary ; when he did a deed of generosity, he did it twice, by making the manner of presenting even more acceptable than the gift offered ; he artfully contrived to participate, by language, in the benefits of that donation which, in the luxury of feeling, he exceedingly enjoyed ; he seemed to rush from the confines of self-love, and regard the worthy more than he did himself.

Could the emotions of grief restore his vital heat, my lamentations should fatigue Echo ; he had, by the simple magic of a kind demeanour, so intertwined his interests about my heart, that when I heard of his untimely demolition, I felt as if its core had burst in twain ; all the benefits I had received from him came rushing concentrated upon my mind, till my imagination was suspended and absorbed in woe ; he was the most philanthropic, the most urbane, the most generous among men ; though his deed occasionally ran before his thought, yet was it sanctified by the impulse that gave it birth ; he perused not the code of frigid policy for the measure of his action, but artlessly mingled in busy life, and became the point of common observation, with all the levities appertaining to unsophisticated youth playing about his character, to the prejudice of that momentary, though not unimportant fame, which is dependant on the whisperings of Envy and Malignity !

His

His retentive faculties were astonishing, I have known him return from a new opera, and play the overture distinctly and correctly, though he was not acquainted with the theory of music!—In our private oratorical efforts at Wargrave, upon a theme suddenly announced, he was generally the most poignant and strongest reasoner among us; upon an occasion when Mr. STONE had a tenant run away of the name of DAY, very much in his debt, it was proposed that each gentleman should write an epigram upon the occurrence; the time allowed was ten minutes, when LORD BARRYMORE eclipsed us all, by a spirited effusion that would not have dishonoured *Martial*; as I cannot perfectly recollect it now, I will not injure his memory by any substitution of matter.—He despised those struggles of the aristocratic for precedence, who can only resort to the practice of insolence for the powers of distinction. As he borrowed his superior claims to social respect from Heaven, he disdained the idea of being arranged as the slave of those local honours which may be equally administered to the idiot, the villain, and the truly noble. No man will seek to acquire dignity from external splendour, who can retire within himself, and strengthen his own felicity by his own reflection!—As the natural world is beautifully subservient to the moral, so is the
gorgeousness

gorgeousness of a valuable man only secondary to the tenor and attributes of his being.—He knew well how to make a right estimate of the durable and the transient, and adhered wisely to those comforting principles, which the favour of princes cannot establish, or the operations of calamity overthrow.

As there was no *auberge*, *caravanfara*, or hotel in the village, furnished with a decent bed, all the visitors to the family, which frequently amounted to twenty, were obliged to sleep together in two small rooms, unbarred, unbolted, and unlocked; distinguished by the names of the upper and lower barracks. The time allotted for repose, was generally from five o'clock in the morning, until noon; and if any ill-starred varlet presumed to steal away from the midnight carousal, before the common signal for departure, his bands of sleep were burst asunder, by a Dutch dirge, an incantation to Hecate, or a reeking sacrifice in the tripod of his chamber, not highly agreeable to the olfactory nerves of the recreant bacchanal!—When the theatre was finished, each had his peculiar hammock inviolable.

When the season and the sun-beams authorized the proceeding, we had an aquatic *fete*, and dined on some island between *Henley* and *Reading*, and so inebriate were the majority of the mimic crew, that had not the venerable

venerable Thames been auspicious to the festival, half the assemblage would have been ingulphed amid his mud.

The most select, brilliant, and satisfactory parties were held in *Blake's Wood*, near *Wargrave*, where we dined in a tent, and dressed our food like the antique hunters, often on the spot where it had been destroyed;—we had secret places marked upon the sod where the wine was buried beneath the turf, and dug up as occasion urged;—with song, catch and glee, we alarmed the feathered tenants of the grove, and met the gloomy advances of night,

“ With tipsy dance and jollity.”

At some of these voluptuous orgies, *Anacreon* might have sat at the festive board without disgust.

His companionable points had singular seduction: he was not, in many of his prominent traits, dissimilar to LORD ROCHESTER, and the DUKE of WHARTON, though he uttered not the blasphemies of the first nobleman, or practised the vulgarities of the other;—he was gay but not absurd, and witty but not uncharitable: he had more of what I shall denominate as *intuitive merit*, than any man I ever surveyed: he was a poet, a

C

painter,

painter, and a musician, without having waded through the accustomed preparatory ordeal !

He carried his passion for the drama to the very threshold of indiscretion ; and was literally a common protector to the stage in general. He frequently performed himself, and very ably, in such characters as *Scrub*, *Hob*, *Bobadil*, and *Gregory Gubbins*. His playhouse at *Wargrave*, which he was persuaded to have pulled down last summer, had cost him upwards of sixty thousand pounds ; it was universally allowed to be the most splendid private theatre in the kingdom !—his dramatic establishment was proverbially superb, and is supposed to have been the cause of several hundred thousand pounds having been expended in the vicinity of that temple of enchantment ! The various mimic entertainments given there by the noble host (excepting masquerades) were as follows :

PLAYS.

The Constant Couple.

Every Man in his Humour.

Rivals.

Follies of a Day.

Stratagem.

Battle of Hexham.

Merry Wives of Windsor.

FARCES.

FARCES.

Hob in the Well.
Miss in her Teens.
Padlock.
Guardian.
Apprentice.
Mayor of Garrat.
Poor Soldier.
Midnight Hour.

PANTOMIMES.

Robinson Crusoe.
Don Juan.
Blue Beard.

The ladies and gentlemen who performed there,
Amateurs and *Professional*, were thus:

AMATEURS.

Lord Barrymore.
Hon. H. Barry.
Hon. A. Barry.
Hon. Lucius Cary.
Mr. Blackstone.
Mr. Ximines.
Mr. Naffau.

PROFESSORS.

Mr. Palmer.
Mr. Bannister.
Mr. Bannister, Junior.
Mr. Johnstone.
Mr. Incledon.
Mr. Munden.
Mr. M. Williams.

AMATEURS.

Mr. Impey.
 Captain Davies.
 Captain Quarne.
 Captain Tayler.
 Captain Davis.
 Captain Wathen.
 Captain Middleton.
 Captain Dives.
 Mr. Wade.
 Mr. Davis.
 Mr. Pollard.
 Mr. Collins.
 Mr. Angelo.
 and
 Myself.

PROFESSORS.

Mr. R. Palmer.
 Mr. Whitfield.
 Mr. Moses Kean.
 Mr. Hollingsworth.
 Mr. Rock.
 Mr. Richards.
 Mr. Le Brun.

LADIES.

Mrs. Goodall.
 Mrs. Rivers.
 Mrs. Horebrow.
 Mrs. Rock.
 Mrs. Norton.
 Miss Chapman.
 Mrs. Delpini.
 Mrs. Hall.
 Mrs. Maddox.

Superintendant of Pantomimes, &c.

Charles Delpini.

Musical Composer,

Thomas Carter.

Professional

Professional Dancers,
Mr. Vestris.
Madame Hilsberg.

To preserve good manners among so large a body of people, of such various and contradictory habits, LORD BARRYMORE instituted a comic court of judicature, before which every offender was arraigned and tried, who had been indiscreet in the course of the day, or violated the duties of subordination: the trials usually commenced about two o'clock in the morning, and the punishments were summary, involving an event equally ludicrous and distressing—the officers were thus chosen,

Lord Chief Justice,
Myself.

Council for the Majesty of Decency,
Lord Barrymore.

Council for the Prisoner,
Captain Tayler.

Mace Bearer,
John Edwin.

Crier

Crier of the Court,
Charles Delpini.

Ordinary for the Culprit,
Rev. Mr. R——.

Jurymen,
Hon. H. Barry.
Hon. A. Barry.
Mr. Blackstone.
Captain Middleton,
Mr. Stone.
Mr. Wade,

Constable,
Mr. Richards.

At a superb masquerade which LORD BARRYMORE gave to his friends, on coming to maturity, and which was honored with the presence of the PRINCE OF WALES, and all the beauty and fashion of the surrounding counties, the following witty, though severe composition, was delivered to the company, by the fair hand of a celebrated lady—though her face and its enslaving lineaments were disguised by a vizor, her form was not rendered

rendered equivocal by the assumption of character. The Reader will not be amazed at the merit of the performance, when he understands, that the common suspicion gave it to the accomplished M———e of A——h.

A NEW

MASQUERADE BALLAD.

COME, jolly Mortals! join the croud,
Be gay, ridiculous, and loud,
Be any thing but dumb;
Let dominos be banish'd hence,
But Fun and Fancy, Wit and Sense,
In any figure come.

Sweepers who know not how to sweep,
And harlequins who cannot leap,
Old women—scarcely twenty;
Miffes in teens—near six feet high,
Law, Physic, and Divinity,
And nosegay girls in plenty.

Let

Let such as these this festive night,
To form the motley group unite,
And each with glee endeavour
(As o'er them rays of Fancy gleam)
To be the character they seem,
And, if they can, be clever.

Beauties in vain their forms disguise,
Now to attract their lovers' eyes,
Now wishing to be seen ;
And while soft things the lover says,
The list'ning fair no blush betrays,
Behind the pasteboard screen.

In search of new adventures, here
Some tonish husbands too appear,
With eager palpitation ;
Here contradict their usual lives,
And very kindly—with their wives
May make an assignation.

Love in such tricks as these delights,
Thus archly plagues poor married wights,
Or tortures love-sick swains ;
His amplest field 's a masquerade,
Here are his various gambols play'd,
His pleasures and his pains.

Let

Let serious mortals, seeming wise,
The humours of the night despise,
And jollity upbraid;
What harm one night a mask to wear?
Most wear a mask throughout the year;
The world's a masquerade.

Could we but see the little great,
And e'en the rulers of the state,
Without a mask before them;
Deluded crowds no more would bow;
With open'd eyes, they'd wonder how
They could so long adore them.

At White's mask'd ball let this fam'd set
Political chicane forget,
And leave their masks behind them;
Each be himself—but lest they err,
Let me point out each character,
As Nature first design'd them.

First, then, let —— a juggler be,
With servile ——, as deputy,
To aid his master's cheat;
Let him, as usual, then display
His cups and balls in full array,
The engines of deceit.

D

Then

Then let him on the table place
 A surplus million to your face,
 To prove his wonders done;
 But whilst you look with longing eyes,
 The heaps all vanish from your eyes,
 The fancy'd million 's gone.

What shall we give to S——y's lot,
 Since Tommy T——d's name 's forgot,
 Nor Commons now confute him;
 He 's chang'd his coat, and broke his oaths,
 Then let him come in *Clincher's* cloaths,
Tom Errand sure will suit him.

Let active W———d be here,
 An harlequin will suit the peer,
 He 'll caper at direction;
 From Holyhead to Dublin now
 A leap he takes—and you 'll allow
 That 's leaping in perfection.

Since D——t's duke can vainly hope
 With youth and beauty still to *Cope*,
 Nor single longer tarry;
Sir Peter Teazle be his due,
 Consider he is fifty-two,
 "And that 's too old to marry."

Let

Let B——e, as an usher, speak
Trite, common, hackney'd scraps of Greek,
To shew his wond'rous learning;
Demosthenes he 's study'd o'er,
This dubb'd him such an orator,
This made him so discerning.

Some have by time their natures chang'd,
Their former politics derang'd,
Nor is the fact uncommon;
The names of Whig and Tory end,
Time has made Wilkes a monarch's friend,
And C——n an old woman!!!

But my tir'd muse can ne'er describe
The whole of P—t's submissive tribe,
Nor will I call for aid;
Oh! may they keep their proper sphere,
Ne'er may the servile crew appear
At *Wargrave* Masquerade.

The chit-chat of his table was uncommonly pleasant;
I have heard as many witticisms uttered there, around
the bottle, as I ever did in any other company, though I
I have been intimate with the most brilliant personages

that have existed for the last twenty years; each was ready with his *jeu d'esprit*, and those often created most merriment that were least meritorious; there was just enough of ceremony observed to make us fearless of insult, yet not enough to act coercively on the sportiveness of the imagination; every gentleman made free with his neighbour to a certain degree, and each considered *good humour* as the watch-word of Festivity; the extent of almost every gentleman's capacity was measured on some sudden occasion, as it was a part of Lord Barrymore's character to be instantaneous in his resolutions, and make a public demand for a general trial of skill, when the parties required to perform were least suspicious of any similar intention.

He had fitted up apartments at his house at Wargrave in a very handsome manner, which were to have been appropriated for my use, as it was his intention to have passed a great part of his time there in writing, painting, &c.; we were to have published a periodical paper from thence, in imitation of the *Spectator*, and had made some progress in a comedy, which was to have been finished conjointly; he was to have *made* the play, and I was to have *written* the dialogue; to those who are not acquainted with the pursuits of Dramatists, this may appear as a distinction without a difference, but to those who are,

are, it is strictly proper—the late Doctor Goldsmith told Mr. Quick, the Comedian, when discoursing upon his play of *She Stoops to Conquer*, that there was a discouraging truth between Mr. Murphy and him: “My “ friends,” said the Doctor, “ will flatter me into the “ idea, that I am a good play writer, but they shall never “ persuade me, that I am a good play maker; now Mur- “ phy is, unquestionably, a good play maker, but at the “ same time I will not be understood as meaning that he “ is not a good play writer also.”

Lord Barrymore's taste for the *belle lettres* was known to all who knew him, but his taste for the arts was not so frequently conspicuous; I will affirm, that no disciple of any artist ever promised to do more by the specimen of his rare talent: he and I painted his arms, crest, motto, and a variety of comical devices, upon that part of the harness which covers the foreheads of the horses. I would not have given myself so much trouble for any other gentleman for one hundred guineas; yet it is probable they may now be sold to some indiscriminating booby, or stable keeper, who will carelessly deface our labours with as little ceremony as he would the decalogue, if inscribed in characters he could not comprehend.

I did not think him a keen sportsman, he was too impatient

patient of gratification in all his movements, to excell in those where fatigue and patience are equally required to ensure success:—he was a bold rider, but not a uniformly bold hunter; he has sometimes retreated from leaps, which his associates have made. I have seen him plunge with his horse into the Thames, and swim to the other side; and a few days after hesitate to fly over a small hedge!

On the demise of his grandmother, the late COUNTESS OF HARRINGTON, a whimsical, though serious incident occurred at Eton school, the head master of which was particularly requested to break out the disagreeable news of the lady's death to her grandson, as tenderly and progressively as possible:—the method adopted by the learned principal was singular and appropriate: he called LORD BARRYMORE to him in the school-room, with an air of severe authority, and after questioning him upon the articles of his study, desired him to construe a part of Virgil, at the conclusion of which, he rejoined abruptly, "Your grandmother's ill, my Lord!"—then made his pupil proceed with another passage, at the end of which he muttered, in a lower key, "She is very ill, my Lord!" "I am extremely sorry to hear that, Doctor;" replied the noble Tyro, and read another part of his author,
when

when the classic chief interrupted him, by a declaration, that she was dying. "Dying!" exclaimed the astonished boy. "Come, come, she is dead," concluded the master, "now you know the worst, go to your place, my Lord, "and make the best of an irretrievable misfortune."

As a British subject, he felt as a Briton should: in the present conflict of political opinions, he was apprehensive of the over-stretched violences of either party: he was firmly attached to freedom, but dreaded the effects of licentiousness: he thought with every wise and good man in the realm, that without a due regard for the interests of subordination, we should become savage, miserable, and untractable—his great sentiment was, that liberty, corrected by reason, should be the governing principle of mankind—his vision was fatigued with dwelling upon the features of Inconstancy—he began to see, what all will know, that Vice is neither beautiful or blissful:—he found, like Socrates, that a small mansion will contain these whom a thinking man can esteem: he had no conviction of universal admiration being necessary to individual felicity—he aimed to reach happiness by the shortest road, and occasionally walked over his neighbour's field when, in strict justice, he should have journeyed in the common path.

When we were seriously discoursing, a few months
since,

since, at Salt Hill, he asked me if I did not think it extraordinary, that actors were not more unequivocally admitted to the privileges of gentlemen, especially as it was imagined by the most critical individuals, that it required a greater portion of combined merit to excell upon the stage, than in any other professional department of life?—Had he not been a nobleman, and consequently excluded from embracing any profession, connected with vulgar responsibility, I think his genius would have propelled him to have assumed the sock, and personify the clowns and wags of Thalia.—He was accustomed to speak with rapture of the unembarrassed elegance of Mrs. Abington, and the bewitching graces of Mrs. Jordan*.—He had a great personal friendship

* There has been evidently an ungenerous and active confederacy of potent persons lately to reduce, if not destroy, the professional reputation of Mrs. JORDAN; if it proceeds from any ladies belonging to the Theatre, I have only to observe, that I regret their abhorrence of an inimitable rival should drive them to such extremities of meanness; if it proceeds from any man or men, I should consider him or them as particularly debased by such unworthy proceedings. I should not, perhaps, have been so particular in my expressions of disgust and contempt, at these oppressive measures, if the parties concerned had not endeavoured to make me an accomplice in the mischief, by sending some malignant paragraphs, with several guineas inclosed, for the purpose of defaming and crushing Mrs. JORDAN: but I tore the M. S. with indignation; and the persons interested may have their intended bribe returned, by producing the initials affixed to the inclosing note, at my lodgings.

for

for the elder and the younger Bannister, Mr. Johnstone, Mr. Incledon, Mr. Williames, Mr. Munden, and Mr. Edwin, the last of whom he particularly noticed and protected, for his filial piety, and dutiful generosity towards his mother, when she became widowed and unhappy.

In his commerce and deportment, among the more pure orders of the female world, he did seem, as he used to phrase it himself, completely *at home*! all he had read and observed, taught him to know, that young men are most critically situated, with regard to reputation, when surrounded with the tittering Spinster and the experienced Matron!—the playfulness of freedom will give offence to the graver half, and yet not to be wantonly free, will engender ridicule in the rest: from this unpleasant entanglement of propriety and impropriety, he too frequently hurried to those Cyprian temples, where all language and manner is judged by the simple institutes of nature.

He appeared more solicitous about living merrily, than living long:—he exclaimed with the Lyrist,

Happy 's the man, and happy he alone,
He who can call to day his own:
He who secure within himself can say,
To-morrow do thy worst, for I have liv'd to-day:

since, at Salt Hill, he asked me if I did not think it extraordinary, that actors were not more unequivocally admitted to the privileges of gentlemen, especially as it was imagined by the most critical individuals, that it required a greater portion of combined merit to excel upon the stage, than in any other professional department of life?—Had he not been a nobleman, and consequently excluded from embracing any profession, connected with vulgar responsibility, I think his genius would have propelled him to have assumed the sock, and personify the clowns and wags of Thalia.—He was accustomed to speak with rapture of the unembarrassed elegance of Mrs. Abington, and the bewitching graces of Mrs. Jordan*.—He had a great personal friendship

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He who secure within himself can say,
To-morrow do thy worst, for I have liv'd to-day:

Be fair or foul, or rain or shine,
The joys I have possess'd, in spite of Fate, are mine :
Not Heaven itself upon the past has power,
But what has been, has been, and I have had my hour.

Good Humor had not a more firm adherent in being ; his suavity, like beauty, bore the most powerful recommendation of the object possessing it ! he diffused gaiety around him wherever he came, and chased Melancholy from the social field ; he held it as an axiom, that a disposition to please your neighbour is the best sustenance for the nobler virtues : to be a hypocrite, was with him to be abominable : as *Sallust* said of *Cato*, " he was " more anxious to be good, than to appear so." There is not a tablet in my memory that is not impressed with the semblance of some kindness he has done me ! and if ever I forget him (to quote myself, not LORD THURLOW) may Heaven forget me.

As appearances are so indubitably concurrent to the maintenance of vulgar estimation, it frequently made me regret when he sacrificed the accustomed modes annexed to peculiar situations of responsibility, under the consciousness of his deserving well from all. While the knavish and the mean can glide smoothly along the intersecting paths of life by the mere aid of a placid visage and formal expression, the impassioned offspring
of

of Honor shall have their intentions questioned, and their movements decried. As they have not condescended to be precisely marshalled in their actions, by the dictates of Hypocrisy; as it appears, from the common issue of circumstances, that we must either deceive or be deceived, the wily and the fallacious will ever be more temporally successful than the undesigning and the direct! Half the evils of our system are dependant upon our disregard of contingencies; and by this impolitic neglect he was too often rendered uncomfortable, if not unhappy. The publicity of his movements, like the sun, gave to all the power of knowing when a cloud reduced his emanation.

He rather smiled at the aims of a politician, than wished to become one himself by ardent practice; the disputes that agitate the world were with him almost irrelevant to his peace, his hope, or his ambition. When he read *Machiavel*, *Montesquieu*, *Locke*, *Sydney*, or *Smith*, it was rather with a view to protect himself from the impositions of Prejudice, than to become a principal in the senatorial war!—I never heard him make but one declaration of a proposed duty he meant to fulfil in Parliament; and that was, to give his vote and speak in favour of MR. HASTINGS, whenever that vote and argument could contribute to his enfranchisement or

consolation; as he believed him, from an attentive retrospect of events, to be the most aggrieved man in existence.

His munificence was ruinous; the treasury of *Crasus* would not have been equal to the completion of his ideas: but it was the effusion of a noble spirit, that panted to do more than man, with only mortal means. Good sense was so mingled with his errors, that half their deformities were obliterated to the mental vision of an observer. During the Ascot Heath races in 1791, he prepared two banquets for the PRINCE OF WALES, which cost him seventeen hundred guineas, but his Royal Highness was not a partaker of either; to the first came only himself and MR. FRANCO, to the other, LORD FALKLAND and Myself! When he first went to Eton school, he carried one thousand pounds in his pocket; this measure was the unqualified and weak indulgence of a too fond grandmother, and probably created those extravagant wishes which were ultimately so detrimental to his fortune.

Had he bequeathed me any legacy (which I am confident he would, had not his power of thought and action been so miserably abridged) my commendation of his principles and manners should have been more limited; but I assuredly may indite every thing
consistent

consistent with truth now, without incurring the imputation of lauding from any unworthy motive. Among the malignant many who would be happy to stigmatize superior beings, there are those who wish even to insult the ashes of my departed friend: but to pass through existence without having a malevolent mob eager to misrepresent your pursuits, and vilify your integrity, is to pass through existence without any prominent feature of greatness, or determination as to what you will admit as good, and what as evil.

The inconveniencies which Lord Barrymore too frequently felt, arose, principally, from his having been ushered into life too soon—ere the judgment was sufficiently powerful to take proper cognizance of his action: but faults committed at such a period are to be compensated for by Time—the midway follies of youth should be inscribed with perishable matter, and mentioned with an accompanying sentiment of charity. I have often heard, and in some sort believe, that the worst old men have been those who were unremittingly discreet in their youth: if juvenility refuses the passions fair play, the nature of the man will seldom be accordant with generosity. He never entered into any scene of party-coloured society, as many do, predisposed to be miserable, but predetermined to be happy. Our
leading

leading propensities are natal, and almost as difficult to be resisted as the enjoyment of our senses.

I have not known any great or publicly-marked character who could descend to the cold mansions of the grave without having his most estimable points doubted, and his attributes misplaced and perverted, by the cunning, though baneful efforts of Envy; they have all had their partial admirers, and their partial defamers—been loved, pitied, honored, despised, and mourned! I believe, if a man were to shut himself up from the peery eye of Observation in an inaccessible mountain, that if his name should become the theme of social enquiry, there are many who would loquaciously give his history, though they never had his acquaintance; and that the bulk of mankind would eagerly give currency to a chain of falsehoods that were fabricated by Officiousness, and indorsed by Slander.

The first Friday in every month a jocund party met him at the Rose Inn in *Oakingham*; this meeting was called, 'The *Forest* Catch Club,' and was productive of much harmony and conviviality, to both of which he contributed in an eminent degree. Nearly every *bon vivant* in the metropolis, the vocal performers of the theatres, and the gentlemen of the town and neighbourhood, were members of this association.

About

About eighteen months since he gave a considerable sum of money to build a room at *Reading*, for the purpose of debating upon a pre-mentioned subject; where a numerous company met every Monday evening: the principal speakers were, Lord Barrymore, Mr. Annesley, Mr. Finch, Mr. Fawkes, &c. At some of these trials of oratorical skill, I have heard him as logically demonstrative as any of the veteran senators in the second and third estates of the realm.

He passed every summer at Brighthelmston, in company with the Prince, the Duke of York, Duke and Dukes De Piennes, Mrs. Fitzherbert, &c. where he was the sprightly genius of the place; his presence gave spirit to all parties, and his conversation made the apathized attentive. In 1791 he became enamoured with MISS PONSONBY, an enviable beauty, nearly allied to the houses of Devonshire and Besborough: to this lady he paid the most scrupulous and delicate attention, and it was the general rumour, that Hymen would make an illustrious addition to his votaries, by this intercourse:— I have reason to believe that Lord Barrymore was not wholly indifferent in the eyes of his peerless mistress, but the affair was unluckily broke off, perhaps, in consequence of a parental investigation of the pecuniary circumstances of the impassioned nobleman, which, it
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must be confessed, were at that epoch in such a deranged state, as made it very difficult to reduce them to either certainty or order.

A few days previous to his extinction, Mr. POWNEY, lieutenant colonel of the Berkshire militia, informed his Majesty, that he had not a better officer in his regiment than LORD BARRYMORE, which information pleased the King so much, that he declared he would seize the first opportunity of promoting him!—his merit was very unrestricted; he met the exigencies of the moment with a promptitude and adequateness that has frequently astonished me:—no man has been treated with more asperity and illiberality in the diurnal prints than himself, but he constantly smiled at the incessant vindictiveness of his little enemies, who became more bold, coarse, and intolerable, in proportion as he was nobly passive and unheeding!—He did so much in honor of a certain personage, that had he not stooped short in his career, I fear the consequences would have debased himself. Besides, it did not appear to me, that the august object of his devotion, had a clear and full sense of all the young and spirited *Mæcenæ*s intended! and to do a favor, and not have it well understood, is somewhat mortifying to an obliging spirit: but the conspicuous gentleman was then supposed to be unaccountably entangled
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and floundering, in the net of a lovely *Bacchante*, more noticeable for the captivation of her song, than the continence of her sentiment.

The *allures* of self-estimation, so commonly hurtful to young men in general, never debauched his thought: he did not even appear to *think* himself entitled to commendation!—our intimacy commenced by his requiring me to furnish him with poetry and colloquy for his varied amusements; but I found him so estimable and mistaken, that I rejected every attempt on his part, to give me a pecuniary reward, that I might the more effectually fulfil the character of his monitor, which I firmly exercised whenever I discovered him inclined to enact, what I imagined would be injurious to his dignity:—on one of these occasions, I rebuked so freely, some miscreant sycophants who were impelling him to insult a worthy clergyman and his family, that I laid the foundation of one of the most desperate and foul conspiracies, that ever was formed to assassinate a *lame* man; but when I pinned the principal down to a serious trial of his manhood, his cowardice was equal to his cruelty; I *challenged, posted, and dishonored* him!—the meaner but more perfidious ruffians, aiding in this inhuman affray have eluded justice, as by this violent and decisive

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measure I had myself offended against those laws, which a wiser man would have resorted to in the first instance, for an ample and complete redress.

In the various rencounters in which I have been engaged, from my virtue and my intemperance (and I have had my share) I have never been so dangerously pursued and environed, as by those ungenerous and unmanly reptiles, who became my implacable foes, in consequence of my steady opposition to their dirty and degrading labour to feed his improprieties, that they might, through that medium, make an inroad in his purse. His connections with Mrs. H——s, was suggested, negotiated, and settled by Mr. ———, for which very reputable service he received fifty guineas;—the lady had eight hundred:—to prevent unnecessary trouble, the arrangements were thus made by the effacious Mercury, and duly observed by the parties; the lady was to be driving her phaeton on the HammerSmith road, at a particular hour, when Lord Barrymore was to ride up, say some civil things, and intreat the honor of driving her to the place of destination. This anecdote Lord Barrymore significantly and warmly told me, in the presence of several gentlemen, in consequence of the ignoble wretch alluded to, having had the folly

folly and audacity to request that my name might be erased from the Claret Club, because he felt that I constantly treated him with supreme scorn.

A very apposite instance of his quickness of conception and epigrammatic powers, happened a few meetings since at Newmarket: he had made a considerable engagement with the Duke of Bedford, the conditions of which were, that a horse belonging to another gentleman, should be matched with one belonging to the Duke, and run the next day: but in this proceeding, Lord Barrymore had reckoned without his host, for on communicating the business to the third person, he refused his assent to the measure: as it was a play or pay match, Lord Barrymore was preparing in the Jockey Club, to discharge the obligation, when the Duke, very good-naturedly proposed, that if Lord Barrymore would make a song upon his unaccommodating associate, the first letter of each line comprehending the name of the party, with the annexed term of esquire, and the place of his abode in town, he would let him off from the obligation of payment:—Lord Barrymore immediately acceded to the proposal, wrote the song required, and sung it before the Club, who heard it with rapture and applause.—I regret, that from considerations of delicacy, towards the gentleman in question, I am prevented from

inserting this poignant composition, as it would not only do honor to my departed friend, but afford general pleasure from its numerous witty and well-managed points.

It was a remarkable declaration made by *Saint Evremond*, "That the last sighs of a pretty woman, were " more for the loss of her beauty than her life."—And had LORD BARRYMORE been sensible at the moment, previous to his passing that bourn from whence no traveller returns, I am certain, that his last sighs would have been more for not having matured his reputation, than for the forfeiture of his being!—to speak truly, he was too fond of procrastination; and though activity was his primary characteristic, yet that activity was displayed more in the whim of the moment, than the important demands which the understanding should make upon the minor faculties.

He always appeared to me, in principle, as a most honorable man, but never more, than by his uniform resistance to the verbal degradation of the absent or the unfortunate: his large heart would swell with anger, when he perceived the subtleties of resentment tending to the depression of the defenceless—he well understood that the reputation of the best, might be injured by the machinations of the worst; and consequently drew

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an inference, in which the evidence of ill-nature was softened by the sympathetic delicacy of his own disposition. His forbearance, where he had the powers of punishment, always pleased me:—the larger portion of human nature affect to be surprised that puissant men are tyrants; for my part I am always surprised when such men are not so, yet not from any love of despotism, but because I know our infirmities and aptitudes impel us, almost irresistibly, to be what we should not, and take advantage of every incident to establish a confessed superiority.

It was a celebrated axiom with an antient prince, that we have two souls, one leading us to vice, and the other to purity:—there are many living now who do not entirely reject the Rosicrucian system, and believe that we are forced into action by the administration of a supernatural and intermediate agent!—it requires some faith of this tendency to reconcile the variety of habitudes that constitute the human character, but more especially as it appears subtly incongruous in artificial life.—Yet I only admit these curvettings of thought, as the ramifications or diminutive branches of principle, as the root itself is steady and immutable. Virtue, like the temperature of the blood, is equally propelling, invigorating

vigorating and warm, in the frigid and the torrid zone. — LORD BARRYMORE has frequently exhibited all the imbecilities of youth in the morning, and all the goodness of a reflecting sage in the evening, with this impolitical variation, that the rude million could gaze upon his weaknesses, as they were usually committed in the blaze of day, but could not take cognizance of his deeds of pitying sympathy, as he hid them most cunningly from the general eye. — In his very boyish days, he had received some kindnesses, at Wargrave, from a brave, learned, weather-beaten old soldier, CAPTAIN JOSIAS TAYLER; several years had elapsed since the little attentions had been enacted (but they were properly felt and properly remembered) when he understood that this Belifarius of the village, had been arrested for debt, torn from his numerous family, and confined in the King's Bench Prison: the unwelcome news touched the benevolent chord of his heart like electricity; he flew to the prison, and made an immediate tender of his pocket-book, to liquidate the debt, and restore him to his wife and children; a proposal which CAPTAIN TAYLER gratefully rejected, as the suit was oppressive and unjust. Though LORD BARRYMORE was baffled in this generous effort,

fort, he contrived, with becoming delicacy, to make such an arrangement as rendered the captive gentleman's situation less inconvenient and less afflictive!

He seemed naturally inclined to the perusal of romances, and I believe he read the Arabian Nights Entertainments and *Les Contes de Boccace* oftener than any other publication. He has affirmed to me, that if his religious prejudices had been consonant with the church of Rome, he would have paid for masses having been said to tranquilize the spirits of those defunct authors whose works had made the living happy. This was the sentiment of a comprehensive and illustrious mind, indirectly opposing the ridiculousness of monkish customs, but maintaining the essence of remunerative gratitude.

DELPINI told us a Venetian story, which he asserted to be literally true, and which Lord Barrymore meant partially to introduce in a pantomime—the events were these: in the neighbourhood of St. Mark's there resided a pastry-cook, who became very rich in consequence of selling small meat pies, the flavor and zest of which were uncommonly gratifying; they were sought for so eagerly through the republic, that the man could not find materials to make a number adequate to the general demand. Various were the conjectures as to the contents of those pies; some thought they were veal, some ortolans,

lans, and others imagined there might be a mixture of both; every baker endeavoured to make similar luxuries, but all failed. During the progress of this man's culinary fame, it was observed, that many children had been lost in the city; it was a matter, at last, of public consternation; the police did all they could to discover their retreat, but in vain, and the streets were crowded with bemoaning mothers. At length it pleased Heaven to unravel the mysterious evil. One of these pies being opened at the table of a senator, the joint of a child's finger was found amidst the pastry. This discovery created a common horror; and the idea instantly occurred, that the baker was the monster who had entrapped and destroyed the missing infants: a party of soldiers were immediately ordered to examine the premises, when, after a long search by torch-light, they could find no other proof to justify the presumed guilt, and were on the eve of departure; when suddenly one of their party disappeared and they could not find where, until they seized the baker by the throat, and threatened him with instant death if he did not shew them where their companion was enveloped; the wretch complied, and led them to a sliding trap-door, which covered a deep and gloomy vault, upon which he had heedlessly stepped, and been swallowed up; they descended by means of a bucket,

bucket, and found the soldier, stretched upon the bodies of various dead children, recently massacred. Upon this unerring testimony of the diabolism, savageness, and enormity of the cook and his family, the senate ordered the doors and windows of the house to be chained and barred, and surrounded with the army; who joyfully set fire to the building, which, with all in it, was consumed to the ground, and an obelisk raised upon the ashes, significant of the atrocity and the conflagration.

He had some secret enemy or enemies, who have been most actively malignant even since his powers of offending Insignificance have been arrested by the chilly minions of Death! they would (if they could) have pursued him to the tomb, and shamefully insulted those atoms, which, in a state of action, never permitted an insult to be perpetrated without a consequent repellant: The method they adopted was, by fabricating false and obnoxious paragraphs, and sending them anonymously, accompanied with a considerable *douceur*; but the most virulent articles have been kindly sent to me, and the vipers have been biting a file: they were so licentious in tendency, that had any been incautiously inserted, it would have subjected the printer to a heavy and painful retribution: He might have replied to his calumniators like the Grecian cynic: Diogenes was accused

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by some worthless fellows of having been originally a coiner of base money, to which insolent accusation he made the following dignified reply—"It is possible for me to have been what you are, but you can never be what I am."

HIS MONEY CONCERNS.

The periodical publications have teemed with paragraphs, asserting, that large assurances were made upon the life of LORD BARRYMORE, and that three years since those books of the funds were closed with respect to him: the unvarnished fact is, that at the time of his Lordship's death, no insurance was made at any public office, or with any private under-writer, for any sum of money, unless it was something very inconsiderable indeed; for I speak from indisputable authority, that the annuities which had been granted by LORD BARRYMORE were all paid off previous to his death. His annuities amounted to about two thousand pounds per year; LORD FIELDING and MR. HUGH WHITE were his securities for two hundred pounds annually; LORD BARRYMORE paid that off about five months since. MR. DAVIS paid six thousand pounds to MR.

SIMMONDS,

SIMMONDS, in discharge of an annuity of one thousand a year, at the same period. MR. BULLOCK paid off an annuity of two hundred and fifty pounds to MR. WATTS; and Mr. COLLINS, in the same month, discharged an annuity of two hundred and fifty pounds granted to MRS. ROFFEY. These are the whole of the annuities ever granted by LORD BARRYMORE, and being all liquidated, the policies were, consequently, cancelled. His Lordship had raised, previous to his death, one hundred and thirty thousand pounds, by way of mortgage, for the purpose of discharging all special debts; and the principal part of the unsatisfied creditors had taken securities upon the equity of redemption of his Lordship's estate, payable, with five *per cent.* interest, at the expiration of ten years. To this security every fair creditor might accede; and the majority readily assented to the measure, and with very great justice to themselves, as the security is ample, and the letter of it will be duly fulfilled: perhaps, with less discretion than generosity, his Lordship only looked at the sum total, and gave them in full *whatever* they charged, as a sort of compensation for their having waited beyond the allotted time of credit for their money. I will venture to assert with confidence, and I challenge any to disprove the assertion, that very few men have ever

quitted the world so little in debt as LORD BARRYMORE, whose expences were so unlimited; and it may be some consolation to the unsatisfied claimants of the late EARL of BARRYMORE to know, that there is sufficient personal property to answer the few demands that can be made. As this statement is fair and undeniable, how contemptible, how villainous, how satanic is it to load the character of this unfortunate, this excellent young nobleman, with opprobrium, and that opprobrium erected on a false basis. But who can restrain the dirty movements of Tradition and Illiberality?

The readiness with which he pardoned an injury was eminently expressive of the tenderness and philanthropy of his disposition; he scarcely required any humiliation on the part of the offender: but the pleasure arising from the forgiveness of another's weakness is one of those calm transports totally incomprehensible to little minds.—A few years previous to MR. HUME's death, a woman called repeatedly upon him, at his house in Edinburgh, and desired, with great earnestness, to be admitted to his presence. At length MR. HUME complied with her request, when she reproved him with great bitterness for his ascribed infidelity, and gravely assured him, that he would inevitably be damned if he did

did not reform. MR. HUME listened with much patience until she had finished her exhortation, and then enquired who she was, and finding that her husband kept a tallow-chandler's shop, the good-humored philosopher told her, that in recompence for her kind intention, he would buy his candles at her shop during the remainder of his life, and then dismissed his female reprovcr. A man of lesser genius would have been angry on such an occasion; but MR. HUME, like LORD BARRYMORE, was accustomed to think of error with pity.

At the last general election he stood candidate to represent the borough of Reading, in Berkshire; and though his nomination took place but two days before the poll commenced, so much was he esteemed and beloved by the inhabitants, that he only lost the contest by a very inconsiderable majority on the part of his opponent, MR. NEVILLE, who had been their former Member. This must be considered as a great compliment to his personal worthiness, when the respectability of his adversary is taken into the scale of thought.

He was the best gentleman coachman and jockey in the kingdom. I have been frequently conveyed by him, in his phaeton and four, over cross roads in the country, in the middle of the night, when it has been so dark that we could scarcely perceive the leaders; but
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so great was my reliance on his skill, that I was never apprehensive of any disagreeable accident; nor was he, though remarkably alarmed if driven fast in a hackney chaise by the post-boys of an inn: he had been overset in a common chaise, in Wargrave, with MR. HARRIS and MR. TAYLER, who were much bruised, and it did not appear from his consequent cautions, that the discomfort had been wholly obliterated from his recollection.

When I first had the honor of visiting Lord Barrymore, he seemed too much absorbed in the pitiful but calamitous species of ambition, of

DOING THINGS IN STYLE.

The magnificent blandishments, graces and fascination, which have marked the splendid career of the PRINCE OF WALES, have made him the innocent cause of much distress to many.—Lord Barrymore was not wholly uninfected by this imitative *mania*; but it should be considered, that what may be proper for the heir apparent may not be necessary for the subject.—I have heard that the Prince has adopted many seeming extravagances in the article of dress, for the noble purpose of promoting trade, which it would have been a sort of lunacy for many of his admirers to have literally copied.—I am so disgusted with the phrase of *living in style*,

style, that I never hear it applied to any now, without instantly concluding that the parties are wilfully scudding into the embraces of private ruin or public shame!—this intoxicating influenza cost poor H——e his life, and P——e his reputation:—and the great misery annexed to the idea, arises from the painful knowledge, that it infects all degrees of society, from Grosvenor-square to Bevis Marks.—If we reconnoitre around us, how ludicrous and how remote from common sense are the pursuits of all!

This phrase, though in common use among all ranks of people, is not generally understood: as the various situations of the *stylish*, make them differ materially in their various ways of obtaining local pre-eminence over their neighbours.

The DUCHESS thinks, that *living in style*, consists in breakfasting at three o'clock in the afternoon, dining at eight, playing at Faro till four in the morning, supping at five, and going to her dormitory at six!—to have a *bidet* in warm weather, and green peas in January:—to seem ignorant of the Mosaic law, and lisp to accomplish singularity—to laugh when she should weep, and weep when she should be merry—to leave her cards of compliment with her intimates, yet wish half of them extinguished

extinguished in the same instant—to name the community with disrespect, and think the sacrament a bore!

The DUKE imagines he does things in *style*, by paying all debts of honor, and few honorable debts—by being liberal in a public subscription to a person he never saw, and harsh and uncomplying to a private suppliant—by leaving his *vis a vis* near the door of a courtesan, that he may have the credit of an intrigue with a meretricious biped—in using an optical glass for personal inspection, though he could ascertain the horizon without any—in conspicuously entering the theatre when the performance is nearly concluded—in walking arm in arm with a sneering jockey—in doubting if the Magi were conjurors, and burning long letters without reading their contents.

The gay PEERLING, who is barely entitled to the honors and privileges of manhood, thinks that *doing things in style*, is raising immense sums on *post obit* bonds, at the moderate premium of forty per cent:—in queering the parson at his father's table, and thumbing his maiden aunt's prayer book at the article of matrimony:—in buying a phaeton at Hatchet's, as high as Pompey's pillar, and a dozen bays at Tatterfal's; to these he adds the society of a *tonish impure*, who publicly exhausts his treasure, and privately laughs

laughs at his follies—thus accoutred and accompanied, he dashes away through Pall-Mall, St. James's-Street, Piccadilly, and Hyde-Park, amidst the contumelies of the coxcomical, and the sighs of the worthy.

The dapper and smirking MERCER, from the purleius of the Royal Exchange (whose father had amassed a competence, by the rigid observance of the laws of œconomy, and who transmitted his property, though not his prudence, to his son) thinks it incumbent on him, as a lad of spirit, to buy a *bit of blood*, keep his *gig*, his girl, and his lodging on the skirts of Epping Forest—and as keeping his gig and his girl would afford him but a restricted pleasure, unless all the world saw them, he makes it a uniform practice to take BET, as he familiarly calls her, to all Boxing-matches, Camps, the Essex Hunt, and all the Races at Barnet, Epsom, Egham, and Ascot Heath; and though all this racing *must* eventually lead him to an unenviable place in the Gazette, he rejoices in the progress of his ruin, and clapping his arms a kimbo, laughs, sings, swears, and vociferates—*this is living in style.*

The GREEN GROCER in St. Giles's, who derived his important being from the auspicious efforts of a fish-woman and a link-boy, cannot think of descending to the grave, without participating the *helegant* amusements

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of the age—but as it has been settled by our forefathers, that there is no quarrelling about *taste*, perhaps we should not affect surprise, when different individuals vary in their ideas upon the theme.—This gentleman thinks it supreme felicity to procure a cart and a long-eared herald of foul weather, vulgarly denominated a *Donkey*; into this vehicle he conveys three chairs, some geneva, hung beef, tobacco, pipes, and a tinder-box, and then mounting with his favorite Doxy, and SAND-MAN JOE, drives rapidly to the *Cow and Snuffers* at Homerton, where the blissful group take their *whiff*, their *wet*, and their *mastication*, and then return in triumph, as proud as Cæsar laurelled, fumigating the element with mundungus—yet this is what he calls *living in style*.

The ALDERMAN'S LADY thinks, that *living in style*, consists in teasing her husband to take a house in Portman-Square, and bidding adieu to St. Mary-Axe for ever—in *cutting* her old acquaintance, except at the City Gala on the 9th of November—in being invited to the *rout* of a Countess, where she is exhibited as a *quiz*, or *broad-but* to the gigglers—in buying Olympian dew to remove freckles—in going to the Italian Opera without either ears or understanding—in talking loud at the Play-House—and eating ice in July!

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The HABERDASHER'S LADY thinks, that *living in style* is evident in going to a masquerade—in having her daughters taught French and filligree—in dancing a *minivet* at Pewterer's Hall—in going out on a Sunday in a glass-coach—in having card-parties in Lent, and drinking Gunpowder tea.

The BUTCHER'S LADY thinks, that *living in style* is manifested in putting on her best bib and tucker on holidays—in making her conjugal Strephon wear a *queue* instead of a *jasfy*—in playing a rubber at *whisk* at the White Chapel Assembly—in turning up her nose at a notable housewife—in going to Greenwich at Easter—in giving coniac and raspberries to her intimates—and eating sweet-breads every *killing-day*—

“ Thus the world wags, and every new-born year,

“ Produces fights more monstrous than the last.”

Lord Barrymore sometimes hired a mail coach and horses, and became the charioteer himself. I once saw a party set off for Newmarket in the middle of the night; himself on the coach-box, MR. STONE as the passenger, and MR. HARRIS as the guard, equipped with pistols, horn, and the other appendages necessary for such nocturnal protectors of national property.

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While he remained at *Rye* with his part of the regiment, he was accustomed to invite his brother officers, LORD CRAVEN, MR. MORRIS, MR. PYE, &c. to a tea party and cards; and so œconomical was he become, and so determined in his resolutions of retrenching, that he seldom treated them with a more expensive beverage than Holland's gin and water: this was surely a great revolution in the designs and habits of a man, who, but two years since, suffered his domestics to drink Rhenish, and regale the bargemen passing on the Thames with Burgundy: an observer would then have imagined, that *Silenus* had been his Lordship's butler!

“Stol’n from the well-fill’d vault, the sparkling wine
“Flow’d deep, and made the drunken pavement shine.”

He taught me a particular language, which he assured me had been invented by the DUCHESS of BOLTON, who instructed him; its singularity was effected by a singular arrangement of one vowel and one consonant, and by this means it was wholly unintelligible to any person not knowing the secret: many persons have thought us talking nonsense, when we were really exchanging ideas often at the expence of those around us.

He had the most contemptuous opinion of those arrogant tremblers, who avoid fighting in defence of
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their honor, from ideas of superiority, and attempt to make their assumed dignity cover their pusillanimity. He had as much spirit as any man breathing himself, yet would prevent those near him from fighting at all events. He told me a story of a friend of his own, who went to visit some relatives in Ireland, but, previous to his departure, had resolved, that no consideration whatever should induce him to fight a duel; and, though naturally irritable and irascible, he had, nevertheless, determined to suppress, if possible, every emotion and struggle of resentment. He arrived at Dublin in the evening, and went to the theatre in Smock Alley, where two beautiful Phrynes of the metropolis laid siege to his affections, and being young and inflammable, and

“ Full of the Tuscan grape, and high in blood,”

he invited them both to sup with him at his hotel on College Green. The repast, consisting of a fowl and cranberry tart, had been scarcely placed upon the table, before the waiter informed him, that a jolman was below stairs, who called himself Captain Mackavanagh, and that he had sent up word, that the lady in the flowered tabbnet was a particular friend of his, and that he must send her down to him immediately, or he must measure swords with the parson who had put such an affront

affront upon his honor as to take away his pet and his darling. "The message is somewhat extraordinary," said the stranger, "but if it must be so, it must; Madam, I wish you a good night, give me permission to accompany you to the door; and in your absence this lady and I must console ourselves as well as we can for the loss of your agreeable society." Five minutes had scarcely elapsed before the waiter re-appeared, and brought another message from the Captain, signifying, that the lady below stairs was miserable without her companion, Miss Lucy, and that she must come to her in no time. The stranger was very much nettled at this abrupt and unexpected summons, which he at first would not obey; but at length his prudence subdued his anger, and he consented to eat his supper alone. He had scarcely swallowed nine mouthfuls when the waiter entered the room with a third demand from the Captain; the purport of which was, that one of the ladies longed for the boiled fowl, and the other for the cranberry tart, and as they were both in a state of pregnancy, their wishes must be literally fulfilled. At this impertinent and preposterous requisition the stranger became exceedingly enraged; he swore, most emphatically, that he would not part with his supper on such terms for all the wh—s in the three kingdoms, or all the bullies from
Cork

Cork to Antrim: but recollecting the solemn promise he had made, and being a man of his word in the strictest sense, he grumblingly consented to have the supper conveyed away; called for some water-gruel, ate it like a philosopher, and went to bed. While he was reading the papers at breakfast the next morning, a raw-boned, colossal, cadaverous, redoubted figure, with a cockade in his hat, stalked into the apartment, without any preparatory measure, and thus addressed the patient traveller, in a tone of denunciation: "My name, Sir, is Mackavanagh, and I used you like a scoundrel last night." "As you are pleased to think so, Sir," rejoined the other, "I shall not be so rude as to contradict you." "Well, that point being settled," continued the Captain, "I must now inform you, that I am come to give you satisfaction; and as I hear that you are a stranger, and may have no weapons, I have brought a case of pistols, ready charged, my dear; so the sooner we put an end to this affair the better." This was beyond his endurance; they called a coach, drove to Glasnevin, fought, and became good friends ever after.

He told very recently, the following anecdote, which, as it is in some degree illustrative of a very formidable legal character, I shall insert: LORD TH—w meeting
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the late Lord Chief Baron previous to the final disposal of the seals, he thus accosted him; "Why I am informed, my Lord, that you want to squat your a—e on the woollack, and I hear that Loughborough wants to squat his a—e there too; but give me leave to tell you, my Lord, though you may be in such a d——d hurry about the matter, that neither of you will find the seat so comfortable as you may imagine." On Lord Barrymore's appearing surprized that I did not laugh at his recital, I told him, that coarse language and coarse manners never failed to disgust me in any situation, but more particularly when the actor was especially appointed to regulate the morals, and maintain the justice of the age.

Lord Barrymore, like Mr. Horne Tooke, had a presentiment, that he should not die a natural death; and great talents and information being attached to both names, it is to be lamented when the augurings of imagination in such men are realized.

NEWMARKET.

Lord Barrymore's *entre* upon the turf was in the year 1787, when he accompanied the Dukes of Bolton; and

and the first racer he bought was a filly called *Yarico*, from the late Colonel O'Kelley; with this filly he made his first match at Newmarket, against a horse of Mr. Davis's, called *Copernicus*, this match his Lordship won:—he engaged in the hazardous, but pleasureable pursuits of the turf, with that ardour and spirit to which the natural turn of his great mind impelled him upon all occasions.—From the hasty advances he appears to have made in the science of managing a racing stable, and the judgment he displayed in the engagement of his horses, he seems to have possessed a sort of intuitive knowledge of the subject; it is generally understood, that it requires long practice and great skill to conduct a stable at Newmarket to advantage: this knowledge, however, Lord Barrymore soon possessed, and a few meetings made him as good a judge, and as complete a jockey, as any upon the turf!—he knew perfectly the forms of all the horses, and made more matches, not only with his own horses, but of those of the other members of the Jockey Club, than any other gentleman there; he was systematically called upon to put horses together, as the jockey phrase expresses it, that is, by *handycapping*, or in other words, fixing the weight the different horses were to carry for their age and qualifications—and in this peculiar undertaking no one

was equal to LORD BARRYMORE, MR. FOX excepted.

Lord Barrymore very soon encreased the number of his own horses, which were purchased with judgment, but at a great expence: in the year 1788, we find that his Lordship had in his stable the following horses, which he bought of Mr. Bullock: *Elm, Alarm, Jerico, Rockingham, Gray, Pumpkin, Sir Christopher*: he bought also, *Nimble*, of Mr. Vernon: *Freenow, Brewer*, and *Columbine*, from Sir John Lade: *Tipsey, Ventilator, Tinker*, and *Tiffany*, from other persons: with these horses his Lordship gave a new life to Newmarket; not a day past in the meetings that he had not several engagements:—his Lordship bought *Rockingham* at the price of three thousand guineas, he was avowedly the best horse that had appeared at Newmarket for many years, and Lord Barrymore won a great deal of money with him—the last match this famous horse ever run Lord Barrymore rode him himself, against a mare of Mr. Wentworth's, for 300 guineas, and won his match with great ease:—his Lordship was considered as the best gentleman rider in England; and to have the best judgment in this pursuit, as in most others in which he engaged, for in whatever he engaged he excelled.—In the year 1789, he added *Skewball* to his string, which
he

he bought of Sir John Lade;—he bought also *Highlander*, *Skiff*, *Tom Thumb*, *Smoke the Captain*, *Pallafox*, and *Tofs*:—in the year 1790, we find in his Lordship's stable, *Sir Charles*, *Musquitto*, *Impudence*, *Tully*, and *Kiss my Lady*, bought of Sir John Lade:—*Pilgrim* he brought of Mr. Bullock:—*Little Flyer*, and the two famous horses, *Chanticlear* and *Seagul*, were purchased of Mr. Fox, at four thousand guineas, with their engagements. Lord Barrymore availed himself of the possession of such capital horses, and made many matches and engagements with them, and won large sums of money. In the autumn of the year 1792, Lord Barrymore sold *Chanticlear* to the Duke of York, for two thousand seven hundred guineas, the value of the horse was increased by four judicious matches made by Lord Barrymore against Lord Grosvenor's *Asparagus*, for 500 guineas each. In the year 1791, his Lordship purchased of Mr. Bullock, *Moses*, *Putt*, *Old Gold*, and *Halbert*; he bought also *Tree Creeper*, from Mr. Panton, and several others. From the above list it will appear that no person ever possessed so many capital horses in so short space of time as Lord Barrymore; and the curious may satisfy themselves by a reference to the Racing Calendar, that no one ever managed

them with more judgment, or engaged them oftener, or more successfully.

With this great establishment at Newmarket, and at so early a period of life, the punctuality with which he made his payments to the different dependants employed in and about his stables was wonderful, and proves incontestibly, that in the midst of pleasureable pursuits, his Lordship paid an uncommon attention to the happiness of the people employed in his service; this is an incontrovertible truth, which his training grooms, his riders, his boys, and the numerous tradesmen he employed at Newmarket, must subscribe to; and it is a bold but true assertion, that no gentleman with an establishment equal to that of Lord Barrymore's at Newmarket, ever quitted the turf, leaving so few demands upon his executors!

Lord Barrymore was remarkably successful at racing, and, in the issue, a great gainer, but those advantages which he acquired upon the turf, were generally lost in the card-room in the evening.—He was too volatile, too much upon the wing of thought, to encounter the experienced players of the Macaroni-room: he played very deep at whist, with the greatest players of the present day; who can wonder that he was unsuccessful when

when engaged against the attentive Duke of Bedford, the judicious Mr. Vernon, the all-comprehending Mr. Fox, and the indefatigable General Smith? His Lordship also often played at *quinze* with equally bad success: one evening he lost at this game two thousand eight hundred guineas; and repeatedly very large sums:—he did not sufficiently consider the disadvantage of engaging against consummate experience, and the difficulty of playing with a prospect of success against gentlemen who were in the constant habits of exercising their faculties, to derive all honorable advantages from the judicious playing of the game:—the *quinze* table at Newmarket is generally attended by Mr. Fox, General Smith, Mr. Sneyd, Mr. Church, and occasionally by most of the members of the Jockey Club.

Many instances have occurred when accidental neglect has been productive of serious advantage.—During the October meeting at Newmarket, in 1791, the DUKE OF YORK and LORD BARRYMORE were playing the game of *All Fours* for a considerable sum:—the game stood thus, the Duke was *five*, and Lord Barrymore *eight*, consequently the former wanted *five* points, the latter only *two*—Lord Barrymore dealt, and the Duke, who had taken a glass of Burgundy too much, overlooked his cards, and in a very extraordinary manner begged

begged one, which was granted, though he held the *ace*, *deuce*, and *jack* of trumps; and Lord Barrymore the *king* and *trois*. The Duke played his *deuce*, which was won by Lord Barrymore's *trois*; who then played his *king*, which the Duke captured with his *ace*, and by that means got *all fours*, and won the party, though the odds against such an event taking place were as ten pounds to half a crown.

It has been imagined, that he won a great sum of money from MR. FOX at Newmarket, in consequence of the nervous orator's wearing polished steel buttons on his coat, which reflected the cards in his hand.

I believe, in matching his horses on the turf, occasions were fought and taken to touch his nerve of irritability; and by artfully undervaluing some part of his stud, to make him indiscreet and inclined to back it for more than it could perform. Whenever the subject of *racine* was started in conversation, I satyriized the pursuit in terms as keen as my imagination, combined with detestation, could furnish. I have known two gentlemen, very familiarly, who have both lost vast sums of money at Newmarket, and who equally boasted to me of the unconcern with which they discharged the enormous obligations; I mean LORD BARRYMORE and MR. FULKE GREVILLE. An intimate with LORD GROS-

VENOR

VENOR informed me very lately, that his Lordship had won more great bets than any member of the Jockey Club in his time; and yet, on a moderate calculation, connecting all the advantages with all the expences, he was *minus* two hundred thousand pounds. This is running into the Devil's Ditch with a vengeance!

In going from *Wargrave* to *Cants Hill*, where we passed two very agreeable days with SIR JOHN LADE and his family, he very seriously asked me, if I thought it possible for any individual with mental health to be an Atheist? I replied, that I believed it possible for a man to become a temporal demon; but until I could discover, that the profession of Infidelity made us happier men and more kind neighbours, I should continue in the old-fashioned system of Theology. I have observed much scurrility in various publications directed towards SIR JOHN LADE; but as far as I can form a judgment on the human character, he is hospitable, inoffensive, and worthy.

Lord Barrymore was the most apt and successful person in beginning and pursuing a social species of imposition called *humbugging*, I ever sat with or observed. There was an innocent deceit practised at *Wargrave* upon all strangers, ycleped *The Brogue Makers*; it was thus: one of the gentlemen was requested by the noble host to sing the
song

song of *The Brogue Makers*, at the same time preparing the unknowing and unsuspecting visitor to expect a high treat of wit and humor. The chaunter, after many apologies for his hoarseness, began, in a loud key, the supposed song, "There were three jolly Brogue Makers." At the conclusion of the line he was interrupted by one opposite, who affirmed, that was not the tune. After some few distant remarks upon the rudeness of stopping a gentleman in his song, who was at best laboring to oblige the company, he began again, and was again stopped by another in the same place, with an objection still more harsh. These interdictions operating strongly to the disappointment of the stranger, who had been taught to expect some very comic effusion; and who had been sitting with his mouth half open, in the very zenith of high-wrought desire, he generally addressed Lord Barrymore upon the propriety or impropriety of such interferences; who constantly fortified his received disgust by declaring, that the stranger's remonstrance was just, that he was extremely sorry the general entertainment was protracted by such indecent conduct, and concluded by desiring the songster to begin again, to oblige the stranger and himself, if no other gentleman. In obedience to this summons, the song was again begun, and again opposed by some remark more rude than the preceding.

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This generally formed the climax of the visitor's resentment; who rose, with great indignation, and applied some intolerable epithet to the person who had been instrumental in destroying the harmony of the evening. This was the cue for a contest; both parties instantly stripped to decide the dispute, *a la Mendoza*, on the spot: but before any blow was given, each combatant had his arms pinioned behind him by the company until Lord Barrymore had addressed the stranger, by very gravely assuring him, that the celebrated ballad of *The Brogue Makers* was begun, comprehended, and concluded in one line; that the whole affair was a humbug; that the gentleman he was going to fight was one of the most polished men in existence; and that he longed for nothing so much as the opportunity of taking him by the hand, and paying him every civility imaginable. Here a general laugh ensued, the parties rehabilitated themselves, and the visitor hid his chagrin as well as he could.

Though Lord Barrymore was fond of having the bottle circulated freely at his table, he was not himself a deep drinker. In whatever regarded the removal of hunger and thirst, he could be readily accommodated, as a beef steak and a pint of port wine formed the whole of his dinner through the greater portion of the year.

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When

When he first started, in his minority, with his flag-hounds, and their sporting embellishments, I am informed, that as he took the field, it looked like the hunting establishment of Louis the Fourteenth at *Fontainebleau*, more than the exuberant retinue of a British subject! In his train were four Africans, superbly mounted, and superbly dressed in scarlet and silver, who were correct performers on the French horn; and who occasionally, in the woods and the vallies, gladdened Diana with Handel's harmony, and at once alarmed and pleased the browsing herds within the compass of the mellifluous sound.

Lord Barrymore had such expression in his eye, and so much sarcasm in his language, that an *imbecile* man could not be happy in his society. His replication to the questions of the intrusive was terse, irresistible, and severe. I believe, on many such occasions, he found it truly difficult to reconcile the required forbearance of a gentleman with the emotions of the feeling man! How unlike was he to the existing tyrants to merit! the blockheads of potency, who, being insignificant themselves, will only protect insignificant slaves, who beseege them with lying encomiums and abominable idolatry.

His mode of sleeping was rather peculiar: whether travelling or at home, his methods on this point were invariable.

invariable. The first thing his servant did, was to sew the sheets to the blanket, that they might not rub against his face in the night, and disturb him, for he was delicately irritable. The next part of his care was directed to the finding out any window or crevice that would admit the light, that he might take such measures as should prevent the rays from illuminating the apartment at the reascension of Aurora; for so great an aversion had Lord Barrymore to any thing like light in his bed-chamber, that he could not have rested in peace had there been an ember left in the grate sufficiently red to have enflamed a robber's match! The windows were covered with blankets three deep, and his chamber appeared like the most gloomy of the cemeteries in the house of Death.

As some unqualified ideas of licentiousness have been annexed to Lord Barrymore's name, I think it incumbent to inform the world, that no man ever behaved with more circumspection, and more apparent dread of offending towards a virtuous woman, than himself; he thought, with all who think justly, that a good woman is the best of all possible good things; and as such, he united in his deportment towards them the regards for virtue with the restricted gallantries of a gentleman. The humble females whom he engaged to perform the

atrically at *Wargrave*, from Mr. Thornton's company of Comedians, who travel that district, were treated, on all occasions, by him, with as much deference and attention as Ladies of primary distinction.

“ I knew him as myself ;
 “ For we have convertit, and spent our hours together :
 “ And tho' myself have been an idle truant,
 “ Omitting the sweet benefit of time,
 “ To cloath mine age with angel-like perfection ;
 “ Yet had he—
 “ Made use and fair advantage of his days :
 “ His years but young, but his experience old ;
 “ His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe :
 “ And in a word (for far behind his worth
 “ Come all the praises that I now bestow)
 “ He was compleat in feature and in mind,
 “ With all good grace to grace a gentleman.”

He - Gentlemen & Ver

HIS DEATH.

This popular, witty, and eminently gifted young nobleman, is now no more : the primary cause of his destruction was one of those acts of benevolence and good-will towards others, which were hourly manifested in his limited passage through this world :—it was circumstantially as follows :—He was with his regiment, the *Berkshire Militia*, at *Rye*, when a party of French prisoners

prisoners to the number of sixteen, were ordered to be escorted to Deal; a serjeant and twelve men were destined for this purpose, but LORD BARRYMORE solicited LORD CRAVEN, the Major, for the command of the party, which was granted, and the number of soldiers increased to twenty in accordance with his military rank; when they had marched through Folkestone to the top of the adjoining hill he halted at a small public-house, to refresh his own men and the prisoners, with beer, and bread and cheese;—LORD BARRYMORE, who had hitherto marched at the head of the party on foot, informed his *Valet de Chambre*, who drove his curicle in the rear, that he would procure a pipe of tobacco at the ale-house, and ride and smook, while his servant drove:—while he remained in this house, he was extremely pleasant with the landlady, took a piece of chalk from the bar, and insisted upon marking the amount of the bill upon a slate, which hung behind the door, in the stenographic cyphers of a publican; and while doing this he imitated the language and manners of *Hob*, a dramatic character he was fond of personifying; at parting he drank a glass of brandy with his hostess, kissed her, leaped into the carriage and gave his fuzee to this fellow, who placed it awkwardly between his legs, and
they

they had not proceeded above fifty yards down the hill, when the piece suddenly went off, and the contents entered the right cheek of his Lordship, forced out the right eye, and lodged in his brain; the left arm of the man, and his coat were burnt with the powder;—from the moment that this disastrous event took place to his expiring, which was a period of forty minutes, he never articulated a word, but groaned incessantly, till his sensations ceased in death—

“ Then crack’d the cordage of a noble heart.”

His piece was charged with shot, and he had been previously amusing himself with killing the gulls, as he marched along!—there were a few drops of blood on the lining of his regimental cap, which fell off his head, as his body sunk upon the left side of the curricie, when the brains oozed upon the wheel through the lacerations in the cheek, until his coachman, who rode behind the carriage, eagerly removed his master’s head, and replaced his right eye in the socket.—He was reconveyed to the public-house he had recently quitted; and a surgeon was brought from Folkestone, at the desire of COLONEL ST. JOHN, with all possible expedition: but, alas! both skill and attention were equally fruitless; his pulse gradually

dually slackened, and his extremities stiffened:—this was a scene of horror, both to his own company and their prisoners, who all shed tears abundantly over the yet warm body of their common friend.

The Coroner sat on his remains on Friday the 8th of March, and brought in their verdict—*Accidental Death*.—All the officers and men belonging to his regiment, have borne the most honorable testimony to his merits, by repeated proofs of the utmost pungency of grief for his misfortune.

A similar account of this catastrophe was copied orally at MR. HAMMERSLEY'S, from MR. SETON, his Lordship's solicitor, by MR. SHERIDAN, who kindly took that unerring method to counteract the suggestions of the envious and the malevolent, who had, without knowing the progress of the fatal event, insinuated broadly that his demise was not altogether compatible with the ideas of a man of virtue!

His remains were interred on Sunday, March 17th, in the chancel of the church at *Wargrave*.

If I should be called upon to compose his monumental record, I will not be his panegyrist, but his historian: I will not indite his sepulchre with that adulatory language, which I disdained to offer him when living—I
will

will not aver that he was perfect, but I will insist that he was good.

“Where are his gibes and his jests now ; his flashes of
“Merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar?”

He is now gone, poor gentleman, to discover the truth of those governing positions for the mind, which, as a Dowager Queen of Prussia observed, neither Cartesius, Saint Augustine, nor Leibnitz, could with precision illustrate. The fall of such a man, with the liberal few who could see his meaning through his deed, is a stunning blow to their tranquility. Like the passing away of summer to the fly, it is a solacement departed, that, perhaps, may never similarly return during the flutterings of the cheerless insect. What a lesson is offered, by his vicissitudes, to the heedless, the frantic, and the proud ! Let them reflect, and be happier. They who willingly throw themselves for repose into the arms of Luxury, are soon impelled to declare, like Montezuma, “this is not a bed of roses.” Where extraneous seduction is employed to awaken an appetite to pleasure, the completion of enjoyment is but the prelude to the advances of Languor and Discontent. In every different delineation of morals, there is one
point

point steadily enforced, viz. *To respect yourself*. One would think that the association of some men begot a transmigration of principle and prejudice; and that the mind, like particular metals, imbibed a portion of the magnetic force of its elbowing agent.

If any of the callow young men of distinction, who are hourly emerging into life, should gather so much caution from the derangements of Lord Barrymore as to resist the approaches of Extravagance, and the inconveniencies resulting from Prodigality, he will not have lived in vain. He certainly mistook the obligations of duty, as we should rather seek for esteem than admiration. The task of purification from error is, at best, an intricate effort, and the world is too ungenerous to admit a complete re-establishment of characteristic worth; mankind are too base and suspicious to believe the instantaneous abandonment of an habitual fault: too many derive comfort and significance from the imbecilities of their compeer, to subscribe otherwise than tardily to his regeneration.

Whatever were his weaknesses, and weaknesses we all have,

“ Let them be buried with him in his tomb,

“ But not remembered in his epitaph.”

Here let us ponder upon the brevity of life. Here let the inconsiderate ruminate upon the restricted state of

L humanity,

humanity. With an ample revenue, a refined understanding, and the best heart imaginable, it was not possible for the lamented subject of these remarks to protract his being, or acquire the general encomium of a polluted society! But his end was consonant with the most stern demands of Roman Virtue; he perished in an act of benevolence and the service of his country. Calamities like these wean us from all sublunary attachment. Who can be ostentatious, wicked, or uncharitable, with such instances of frailty and desolation in his view?

One evil too eagerly treads on the heel of another to shake our fortitude: while I am writing this paragraph the dismal account has arrived, that I have lost the most tender parent that was ever born; he was the paragon of human integrity; he lived without shame, and he died without fear. I would sooner have walked into a cannon's mouth than have given him intentional offence: his frown, like Prospero's rod, would have benumbed my faculties.—Now have I but little left to deprecate, and less to hope. Death has made a void in my bosom which Time can never so valuably fill up again.

“ To-morrow, to-morrow, and to-morrow,
 “ Creeps in a stealing pace from day to day,
 “ To the last syllable of recorded time?
 “ And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
 “ To their eternal night! —————

“ Life's

"Life 's but a walking shadow, a poor player,
"That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
"And then is heard no more ; —
"T is a tale, told by an ideot, full of sound
"And fury, signifying nothing!"

Macbeth —

With our daily load of motley misery, what imperial reptiles we are! what inflated triflers! If I may judge from my sensations, I may antedate my existence ten years, from the irruption that my present agonies have made upon my nature!

—
THE END.



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